

# THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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## VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

By HENRY A. CUTLER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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Five Cents a year will be added when payment is delayed beyond six months.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

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### Selected Poetry.

#### THE SAW-MILL.

From the German of Körner.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

In yonder mill I stood,

And set me down to look

Upon the wheels' quick gleam,

And on the flying break.

As in a dream before me,

The saw, with restless play,

Was cleaving through a fir-tree

Its long and steady way.

The tree through all its fibre

With living motion stirred,

And, in a single flash, the

Two solid woods I heard—

"Oh, then you wanderer hither,

A lonely guest from afar!

For these two creatures mingle

In passing through my heart."

When, soon, in earth's cold bosom,

Two hours of rest begin,

This wood shall form the chamber

Where you shall close your life."

Four planks I saw and shuddered—

Prepared in that large mill!

Then as I tried to answer,

At once the wheel was still.

Selected Miscellany.

#### THE TWINS.

How a Fortune was Lost and Won.

I was by profession a detective officer

in the London Metropolitan police.

My services, the superintendent late

one afternoon informed me, were

required in a perplexed and entangled

affair, which would probably occupy

me for some time, as orders had been

given to investigate the matter thor-

oughly. "There," he added, "is a Mr.

Repton, a highly respectable country

gentleman's card. He is from Lancashire,

and is staying at Webb's Hotel,

Piccadilly, London. You are to see

him at once. He will put you in pos-

session of all the facts—surmises rather

than facts, for the fact is, that my

apprehension, are meant enough—con-

necting with the case, and you will then

use all possible diligence to ascertain,

first, if the alleged crime has been really

committed, and if so, of course, to

bring the criminal or criminals to jus-

tice.

I found Mr. Repton, a stout, bald-

headed, gentlemanly person, appar-

ently about sixty years of age, just in

the set of going out. "I have a pressing

engagement for this evening," Mr. Wa-

ters, said he, after glancing at the in-

terlocutory note I had brought, "and

cannot possibly go into the business

with the attention and minuteness it

requires till the morning. But I'll tell

you what: one of the parties con-

cerned, and the one, too, with whom you

will have especially to deal, is, I know,

to be at Covent Garden theater this

evening. It is of course necessary that

you should be thoroughly acquainted

with his person; and if you will go with

me in the cab that is waiting outside, I

will step with you into the theater, and

about two hours afterwards I did

box door was suddenly opened once or

twice, and I noticed his sudden start

each time.

"You have exactly described him.

Well, that perturbed, unquiet, feverish-

ness of manner has constantly distin-

guished him since his accession to the

Redwood estates, and only since then.

It strengthens me and one or two others

in possibly an unfounded suspicion,

which—

"But I had better, if I wish

to render myself intelligible, relate

matters in due sequence.

"Sir Thomas Redwood, whose property

in Lancashire is chiefly in the

neighborhood of Liverpool, met his

death, as did his only son Mr. Archibald

Redwood, about six months ago,

in a very sudden and shocking man-

ner. They were out trying a splendid

mare for the first time in harness,

which Sir Thomas had lately purchased

at a very high price. Two grooms

on horseback were in attendance, to

render assistance if required, for the

animal was a very powerful, high-spir-

ited one. All went very well till they

arrived in front of Mr. Meredith's place,

Oak Villa. This gentleman has a place

for firing off a number of brass

cannon on the anniversary of such

events as he deems worthy of the hon-

or. This happened, unfortunately, to

be one of Mr. Meredith's gunpowder

days; and as Sir Thomas and his son

were passing, a stream of light flashed

directly in the eyes of the mare, fol-

lowed by the roar of artillery, at no

more than about ten paces off. The

terrified animal became instantly un-

manageable, got the bit between her

teeth, and darted off at the wildest

speed. The road is a curved and rug-

ged one; and after tearing along for

about half a mile, the off-wheel of the

gigante, at an abrupt turn, fell against

a milestone. The tremendous shock

hurled the two unfortunate gentlemen

upon the road with a frightful violence,

and the vehicle almost completely

ascended, and so injured the mare that

she died the next day. The alarmed

grooms, who had not only been unable

to render assistance, but even to keep

up with the terrified mare, found Mr.

Archibald Redwood quite dead. The

spine had been broken close to the

base of the neck; his head, in fact, was

doubled up, so to speak, under the

body. Sir Thomas still breathed, and

was conveyed to Redwood manor-house.

Surgical assistance was promptly

obtained; but the internal injuries

were so great, that the excellent old

gentleman expired in a few hours after

he had reached his home. I was

lastly sent for; and when I arrived,

Sir Thomas was still fully conscious.

He imparted to me matters of great

moment, to which he requested I would

direct, after his decease, my best care

and attention. His son, I was aware,

had but just returned from a tour on

the continent, where he had been ab-

sent for nearly a twelvemonth; but I

was not aware, neither was his father

till the day before his death, that Mr.

Archibald Redwood had not only se-

cretely espoused a Miss Ashton—a

reduced family, but belonging to a

best-bettered man in the universe, cor-

diarily forgave his son's disobedience—

partly, and quite rightly, imputing it

to his own foolish urgency in pressing

a union with one of the Lacy family,

with which the baronet was very inti-

mate, and whose estates joined his.

"Well, this lady, now a widow, had

few days after his departure, I received

a letter from him, stating that Lady

Redwood—I don't think by the way,

that, as her husband died before ac-

ceeding to that appellation, she is en-

titled to that appellation of honor; we

however, call her so out of courtesy—

that Lady Redwood, though prema-

turedly confined in consequence of the

intelligence of her husband's untimely

death, had given birth to a female child,

and that both mother and daughter

were as well as could be expected.

This you will agree, seemed perfectly

satisfactory?"

"Entirely so."

"So I thought, Mr. Malvern was

now unquestionably, whether Sir

Charles Malvern or not, the proprietor

of the Redwood estates, burdened as

with a charge, in accordance with the

conditions of the entails, of a thousand

pounds life annuity to the late Mr.

Redwood's infant daughter.

"Sir Charles returned to Redwood

manor-house, where his wife and

family soon afterwards arrived. Lady

Redwood had been joined, I under-

stood, by her mother, Mrs. Ashton, and

would, when able to undertake the

journey, return to her maternal home.

It was about two months after Sir

Thomas Redwood's death that I de-

termined to pay Lady Redwood a visit

in order to the winding up of the per-

sonal estate, which it was desirable

to accomplish as speedily as possible;

and then a new and terrible light

flashed upon me.

"What in heaven's name I exclaimed,

for the first time breaking silence—

—'what could there be to reveal?'

"Only," rejoined Mr. Repton, 'that

ill, delicious, as Lady Redwood admit-

ted herself to have been, it was her

intimate, unconquerable conviction

that she had given birth to twins!'

"Good God! and you suspect—"

"We don't know what to suspect.

Should the lady's confident belief be

correct, the missing child might have

been a boy. You understand?"

"I do. But is there any tangible evi-

dence to justify this horrible suspicion?"

"Yes; the surgeon-apothecary and his

wife, a Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who at-

tended Lady Redwood, have suddenly

disappeared from Chester, and from

no explainable motive, having left or

abandoned a fair business there."

"That has certainly an ugly look."

"True; and a few days ago I receiv-

ed information that Williams had been

seen in Birmingham. He was well

dressed, and not apparently in any

business."

"There certainly appears some ground

for suspicion. What plan of opera-

tions do you propose?"

"That," replied Mr. Repton, "I must

leave to your more practiced sagacity.

I can only undertake that no means

shall be lacking that may be required."

"It will be better, perhaps," I sug-

gested, after an interval of reflection,

that I should proceed to Birmingham

at once. You have of course an accu-

rate description of the persons of Wil-

liams and his wife ready?"

"I have; and very accurate pen-and-

ink sketches I am told they are. Be-

sides these, I have also here," contin-

ued Mr. Repton, taking from his pocket

book a sheet of carefully-folded satin

paper, a full description of the female

baby, drawn up by its mother under

the impression that twins always—

I believe they generally do—closely re-

semble each other. 'Light hair, blue

eyes, dimpled chin—and so on. The

lady—a very charming person, I assure

you, and meek and gentle as a fawn—

is chiefly anxious to recover her child.

You and I should our suspicions be

confirmed, have other duties to per-

form."

This was pretty nearly all that pass-

ed, and the next day I was in Birming-

ham.

The search, as I was compelled to be

very cautious in my inquiries, was

tedious, but finally successful. Mr.

and Mrs. Williams I discovered living

in a pretty house with neat grounds

attached, about two miles out of Bir-

mingham. Their assumed name

was Burridge, and I ascertained from

the servant girl, who fetched their din-

ner and supper, beer and occasionally

wine and spirits, from a neighboring

tavern, that they had one child, a boy,

a few months old, of whom neither

father nor mother seemed very fond.

By dint of much perseverance, I at

length got upon pretty familiar terms

with Mr. Burridge, alias Williams. He

spent his evenings regularly in a tav-

ern; but with all the painstaking, in-

defatigable ingenuity I employed, the

chief knowledge I acquired, during

three weeks of assiduous endeavor, was